WEDDING HYMN

BY MARY MATHEWS

To Prof. Goldwin Smith, with grateful regards,
The Writer of A Wedding Hymn.

Cornell University
June 21.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/epithalamium00barnuoft

EPITHALAMIUM

BY

MARY MATHEWS BARNES

WITH DRAWINGS BY DORA WHEELER

NEW YORK AND LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Knickerbocker Press
1889

116287
14 6 11

COPYRIGHT BY
MARY MATHEWS BARNES
1889

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Illustrated Title 4

O Sun
From out whose gracious rays 6

O Moon
From out whose peaceful life 10

O Stars
From out whose twinkling beam 14

O Flowers
Whose censers swinging slow 18

O Music
Born upon celestial lyres 22

O Love
From out whose very heart she came 26

And Ye
O favored ones and blest 30

EPITHALAMIUM

BY MARY MATHEWS BARNES

DRAWINGS BY WHEELER

O Sun
From out whose gracious rays

O Sun,

From out whose gracious rays
Came forth the day of days,
When my dear Love was born,
Shine out!

And with your brightest ray
Bring gift divine to mark her wedding day.
A gift, a golden gleam,
A prophecy of good in every beam,
Rejoice with so much of yourself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Moon
From out whose peaceful life

O Moon,

From out whose peaceful life,

A portion came to guard her own from strife,

Shine out!

And with your softest light,

Make happy Peace to rule her wedding night;

Let all your rays in silvery sheen,

Whisper of coming nights serene,

Rejoice with so much of yourself that in her lives,

Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Stars
From out whose twinkling beams

O Stars,

From out whose twinkling beams
Came radiant gleams
To dwell, and find within her soul an added glow,
A sunnier warmth than ever stars do know,
Catch from unsetting suns to-night
A ruddier tint—a hint of Heavenly light.
Reflect her eyes
And make new beauty in the skies.

Rejoice with so much of yourselves that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Flowers
Whose censers swinging slow

O Flowers,

Whose censers swinging slow,
Exhaled rare perfume drenched in morning dew
To touch the breath that first she drew,
Lift loyally your heads, and gayly smile
With Joy the while
Her bridal blossoms bloom.
Cull sweet perfection from her face,
And then give back your borrowed grace.
Rejoice with so much of yourselves that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Music

Born upon celestial lyres

O Music,

Born upon celestial lyres,
And thrilling 'mid angelic choirs,
Come nearer earth to-day,
Whisper in my lay;
Repeat the melody you sent,
When to the world her voice you lent.
Swell in the air that tells
The echoes of the bells;
Be like her Lover's heart,
Of her own a part.

Rejoice with so much of yourself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Love
From out whose very heart she came

O Love,
From out whose very heart she came,
Born from thy glowing flame,
Look down,
And in thy glorious way
Crown thou her wedding day.
Oh, nearer come—make thou her bridal bed,
Close by her side all future pathways tread,
Help her to see thy face
In every clime and place;
Rejoice with so much of thyself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

And Ye

O favored ones and blest

And Ye,

O favored ones and blest,
Whose hearts have been her rest
Since life began.
Ye listen now—and hear, with all Love's pain,
Her marriage vow ;
Giving, where most ye long to keep,
Smiling, where most ye long to weep ;
Repress your tears,
Banish your fears,
Rejoice with so much of yourselves that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.